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THE STORY OF BLUE BEARD:
FROM PERRAULT ILLUSTRATED
WITH PICTURES AND
ORNAMENTS BY JOSEPH E.
SOUTHALL: MDCCCXCV



W. U. LIEBOWITZ
DUPLICATE

Perrault, Charles



197973
24/9/25

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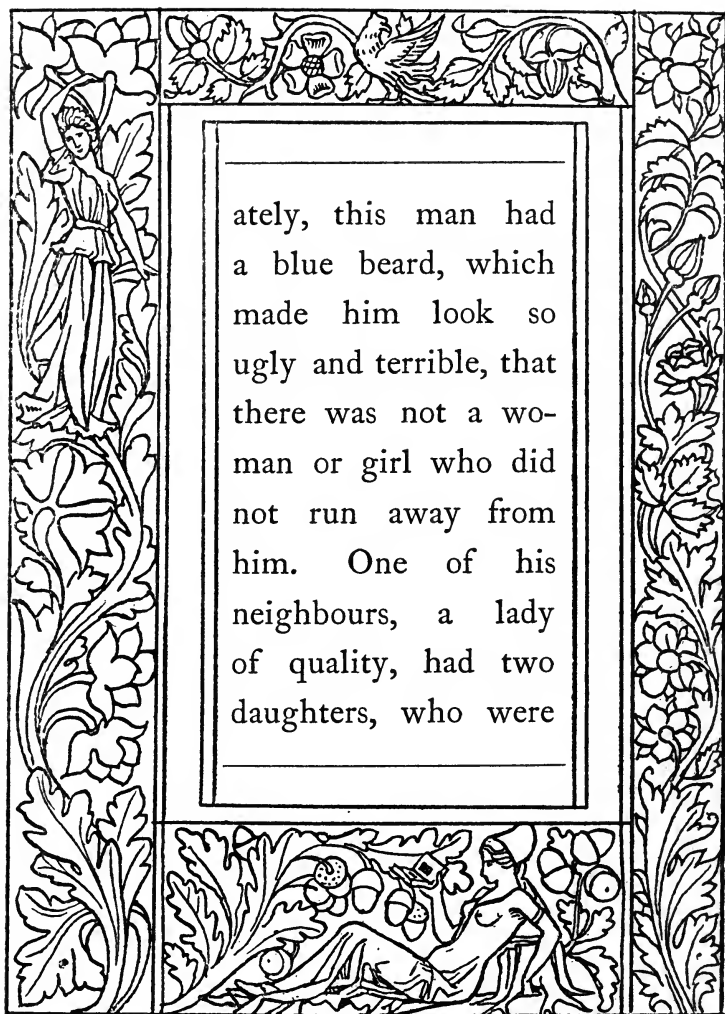
1877

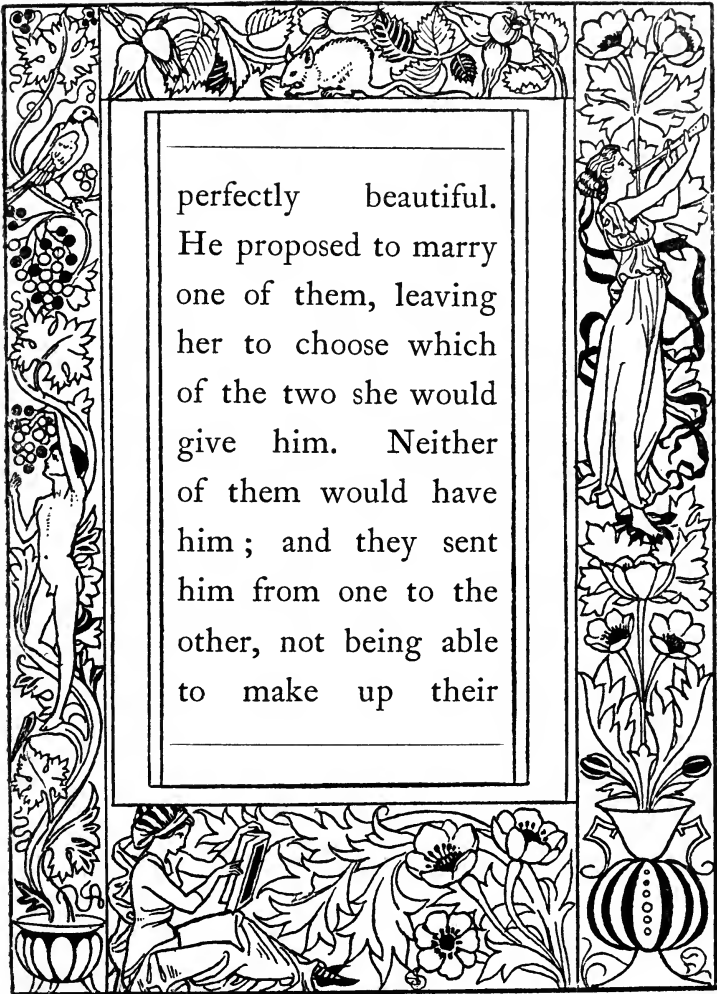
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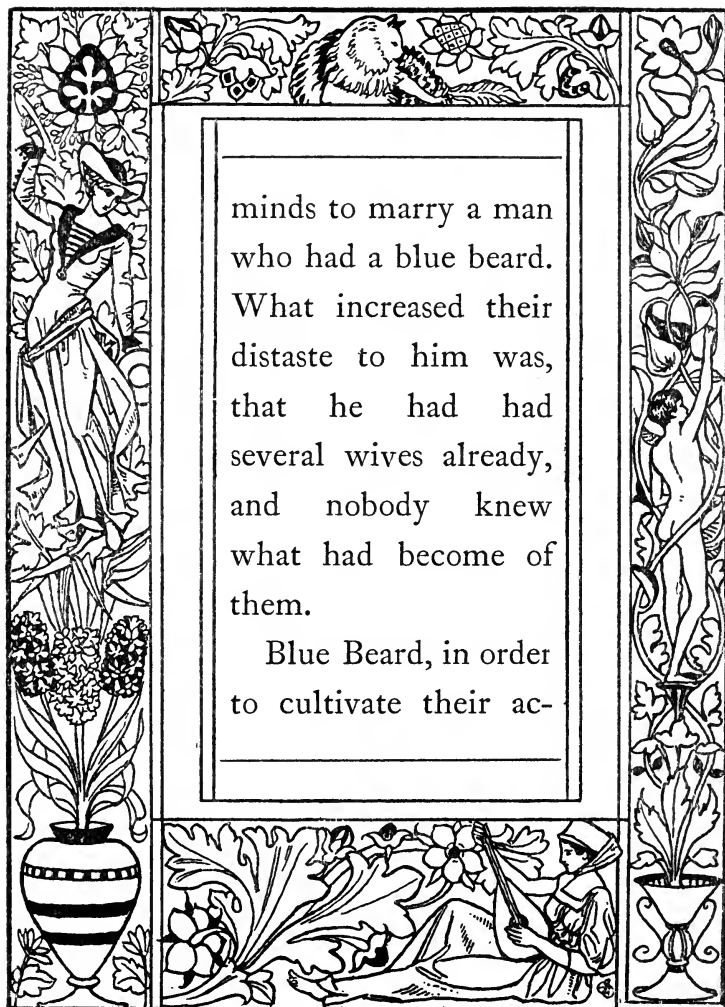
BLUE BEARD

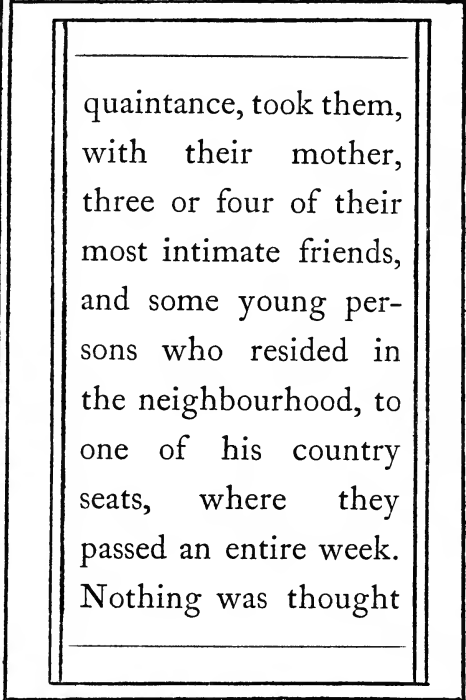


ONCE on a time
there was a man who
had fine town and
country houses, gold
and silver plate, em-
broidered furniture,
and coaches gilt all
over ; but unfortun-







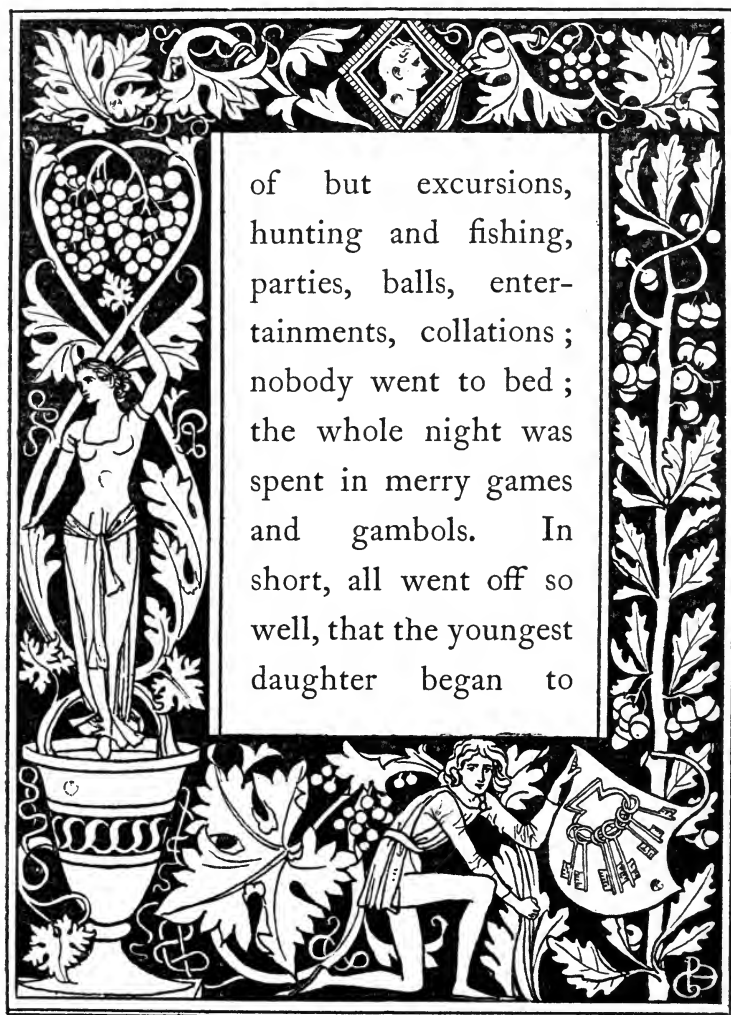
perfectly beautiful.
He proposed to marry
one of them, leaving
her to choose which
of the two she would
give him. Neither
of them would have
him; and they sent
him from one to the
other, not being able
to make up their



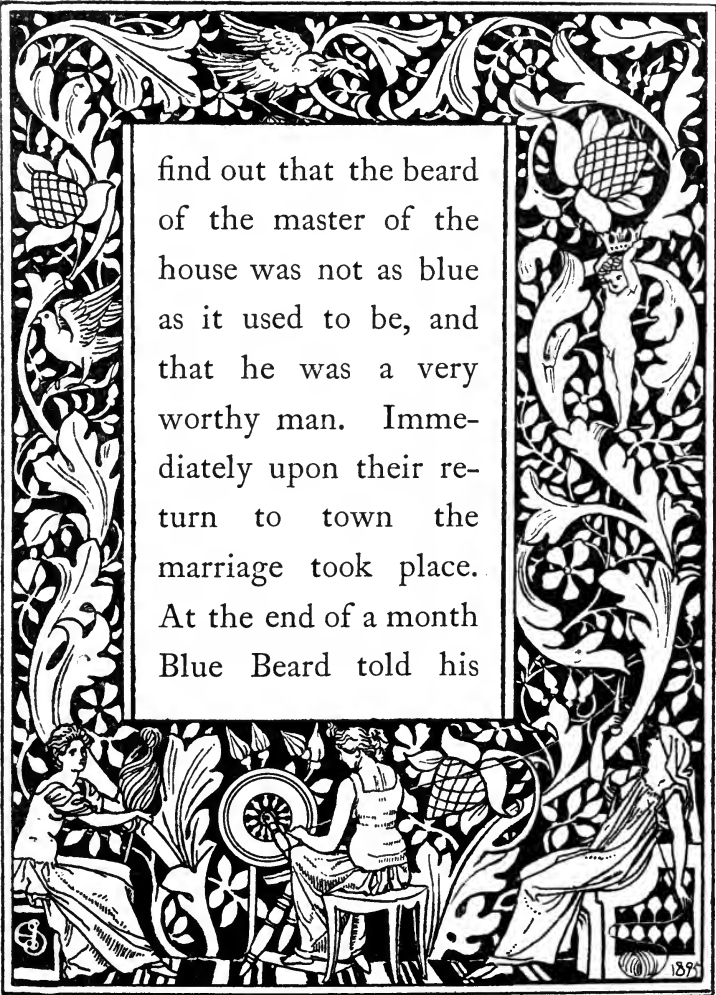


quaintance, took them,
with their mother,
three or four of their
most intimate friends,
and some young per-
sons who resided in
the neighbourhood, to
one of his country
seats, where they
passed an entire week.
Nothing was thought



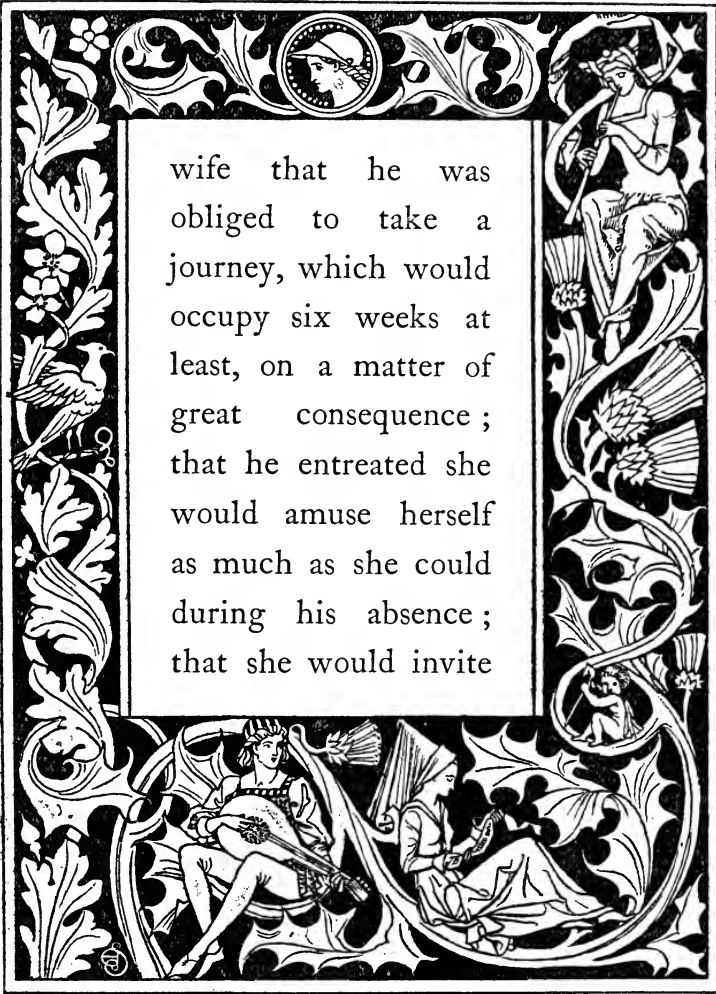


of but excursions,
hunting and fishing,
parties, balls, enter-
tainments, collations ;
nobody went to bed ;
the whole night was
spent in merry games
and gambols. In
short, all went off so
well, that the youngest
daughter began to

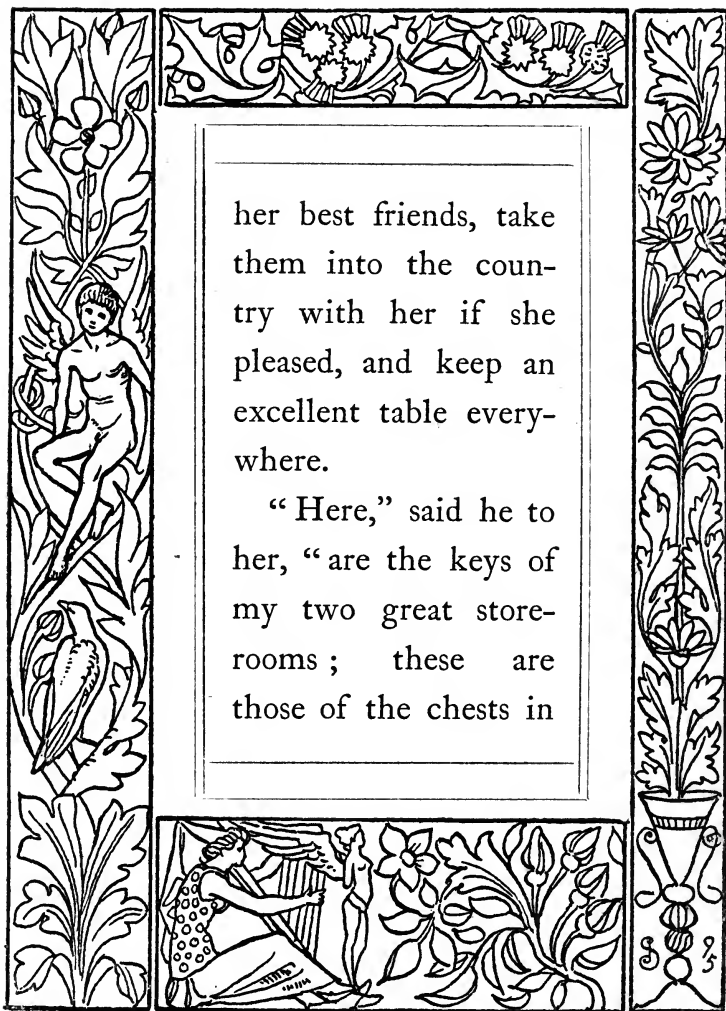


find out that the beard
of the master of the
house was not as blue
as it used to be, and
that he was a very
worthy man. Imme-
diately upon their re-
turn to town the
marriage took place.
At the end of a month
Blue Beard told his



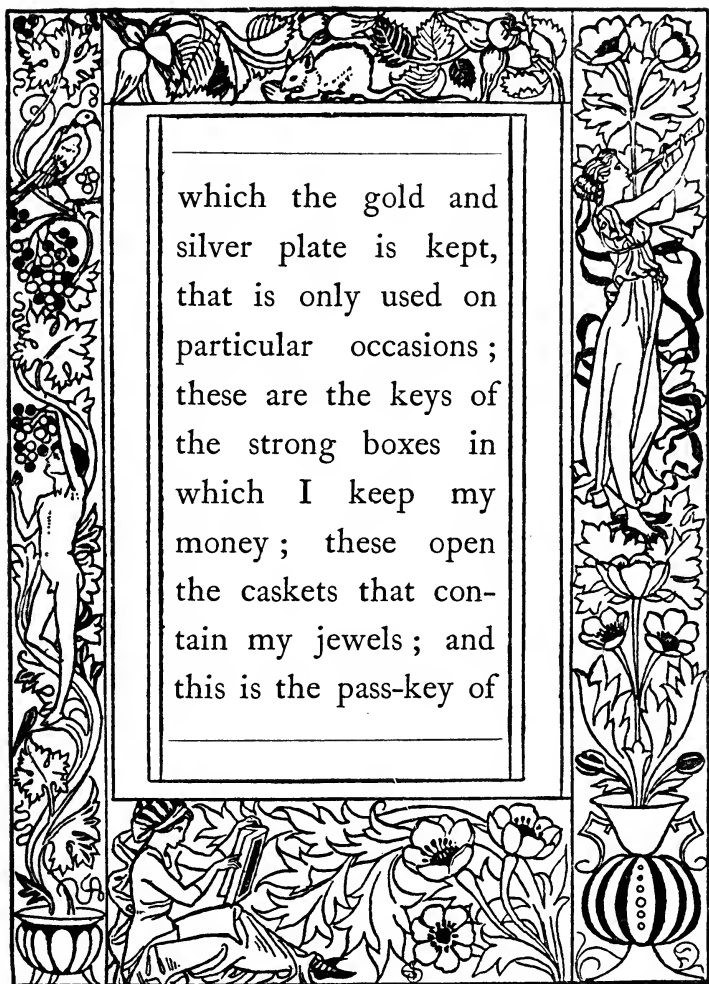


wife that he was
obliged to take a
journey, which would
occupy six weeks at
least, on a matter of
great consequence ;
that he entreated she
would amuse herself
as much as she could
during his absence ;
that she would invite

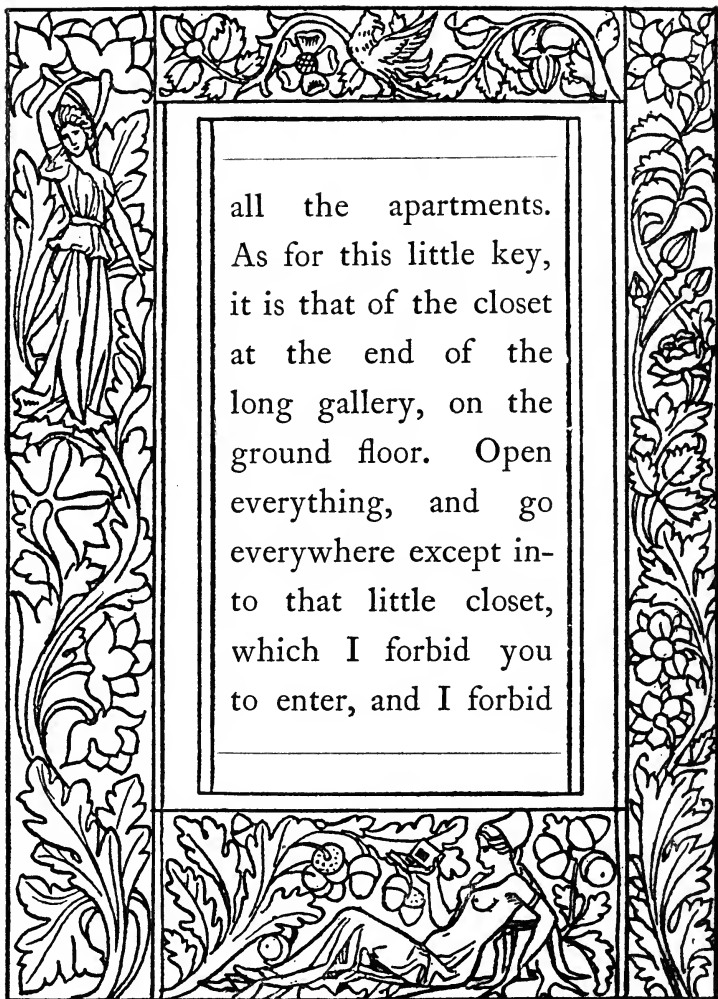


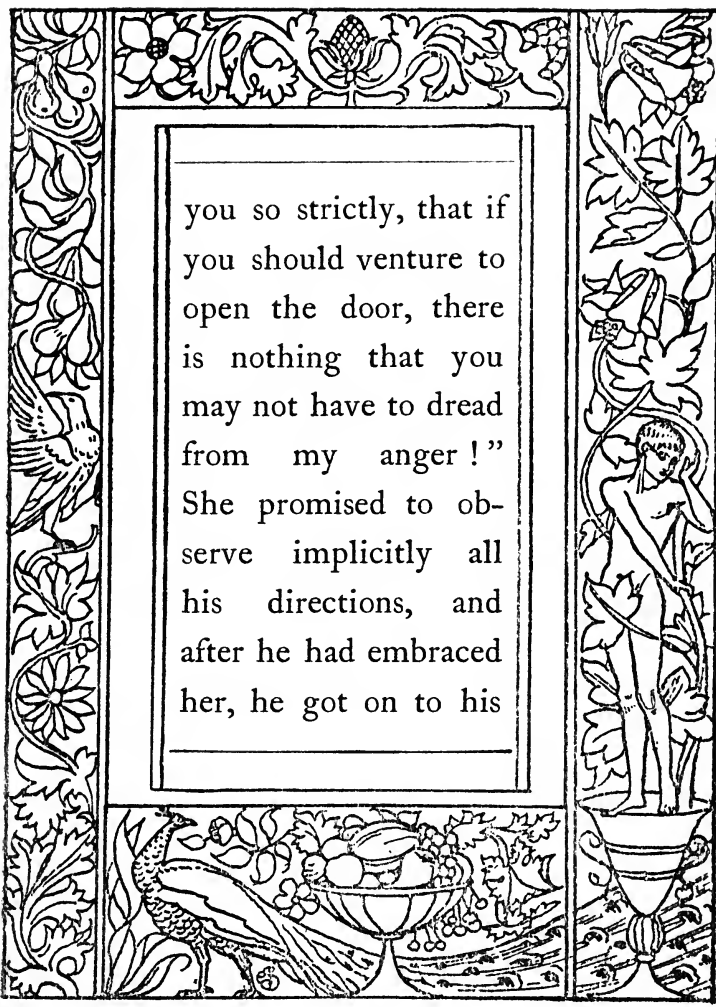
her best friends, take them into the country with her if she pleased, and keep an excellent table everywhere.

“Here,” said he to her, “are the keys of my two great store-rooms ; these are those of the chests in

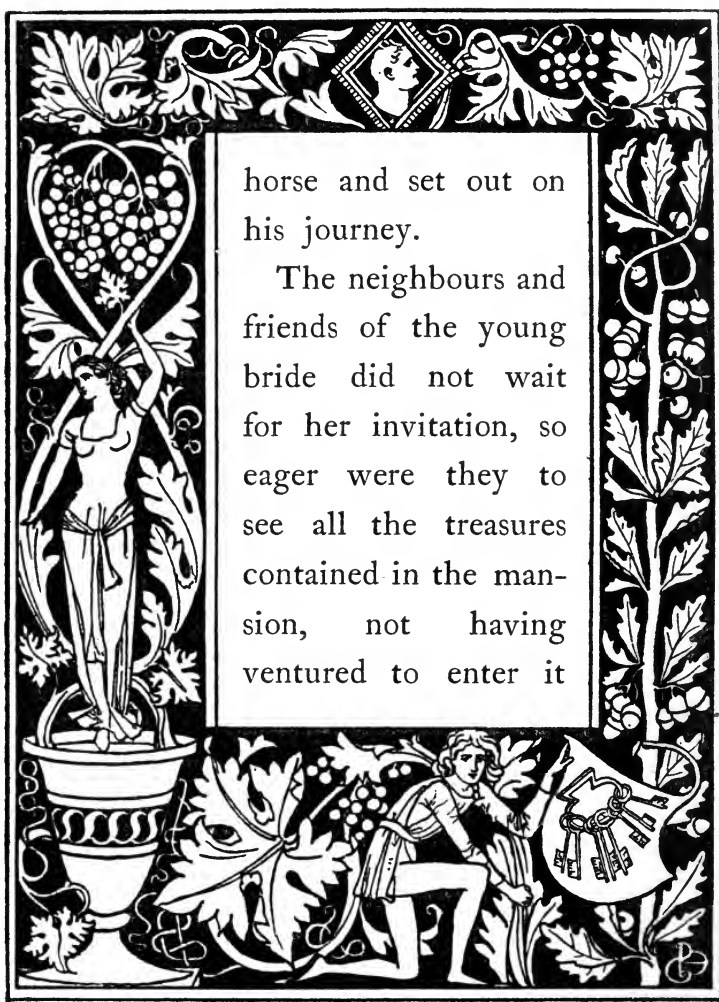


which the gold and silver plate is kept, that is only used on particular occasions ; these are the keys of the strong boxes in which I keep my money ; these open the caskets that contain my jewels ; and this is the pass-key of



The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. The top section features a horizontal band with stylized flowers, leaves, and a cluster of grapes. The left and right vertical borders are filled with intricate designs: the left side shows a bird in flight and various leaves, while the right side depicts a figure standing within a large, ornate bowl or vase, surrounded by foliage. The bottom section contains a horizontal band with a bird, possibly a peacock, and more floral elements.



you so strictly, that if
you should venture to
open the door, there
is nothing that you
may not have to dread
from my anger !”
She promised to ob-
serve implicitly all
his directions, and
after he had embraced
her, he got on to his





horse and set out on his journey.

The neighbours and friends of the young bride did not wait for her invitation, so eager were they to see all the treasures contained in the mansion, not having ventured to enter it

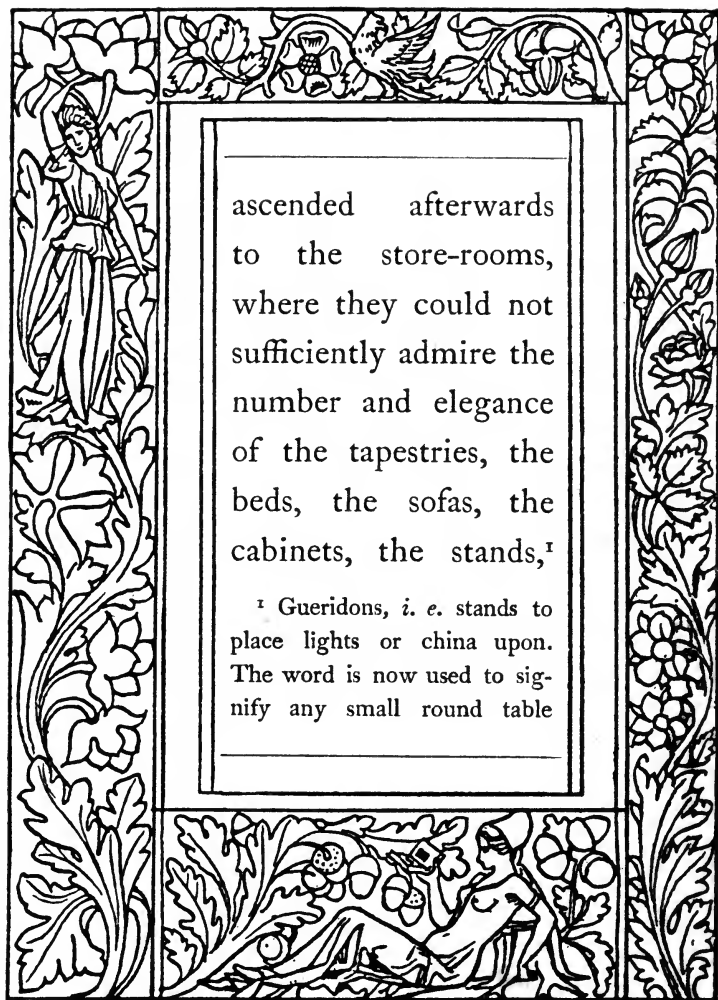




while the husband
was at home, so terri-
fied were they at his
blue beard. Behold
them immediately
running through all
the rooms, closets,
and wardrobes, each
apartment exceeding
the other in beauty
and richness. They

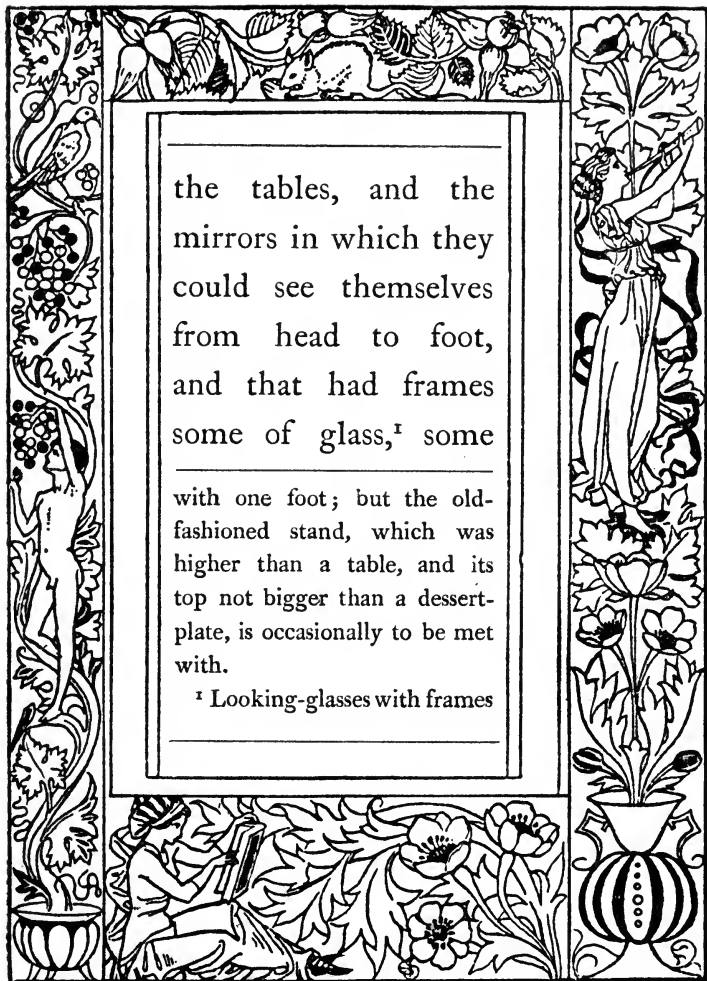






ascended afterwards
to the store-rooms,
where they could not
sufficiently admire the
number and elegance
of the tapestries, the
beds, the sofas, the
cabinets, the stands,¹

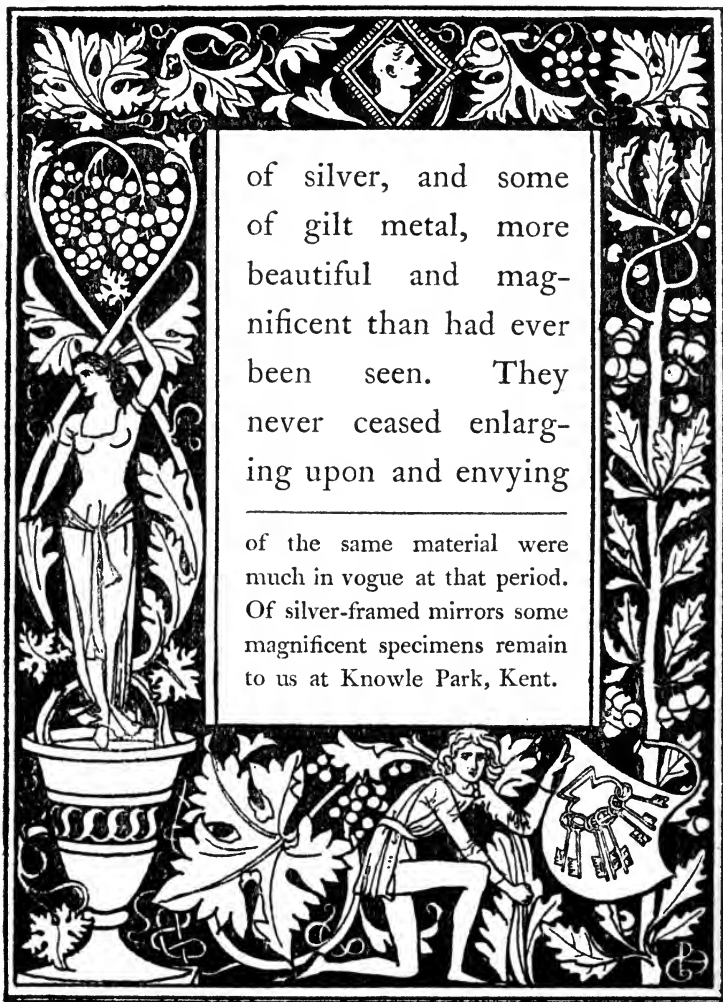
¹ Gueridons, *i. e.* stands to
place lights or china upon.
The word is now used to sig-
nify any small round table



the tables, and the mirrors in which they could see themselves from head to foot, and that had frames some of glass,¹ some

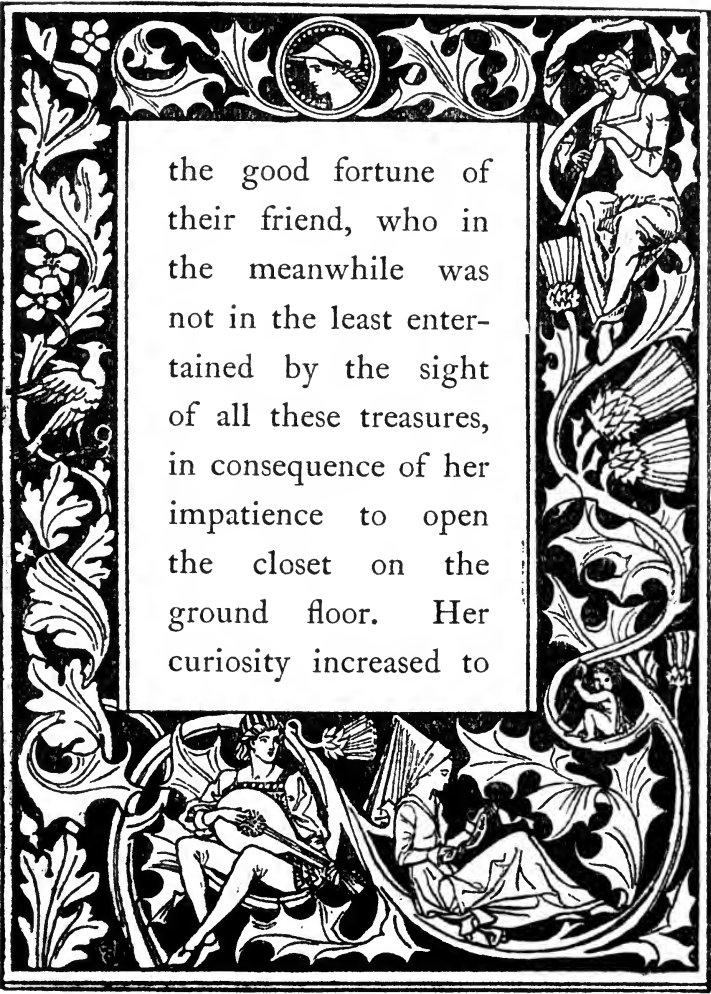
with one foot; but the old-fashioned stand, which was higher than a table, and its top not bigger than a dessert-plate, is occasionally to be met with.

¹ Looking-glasses with frames

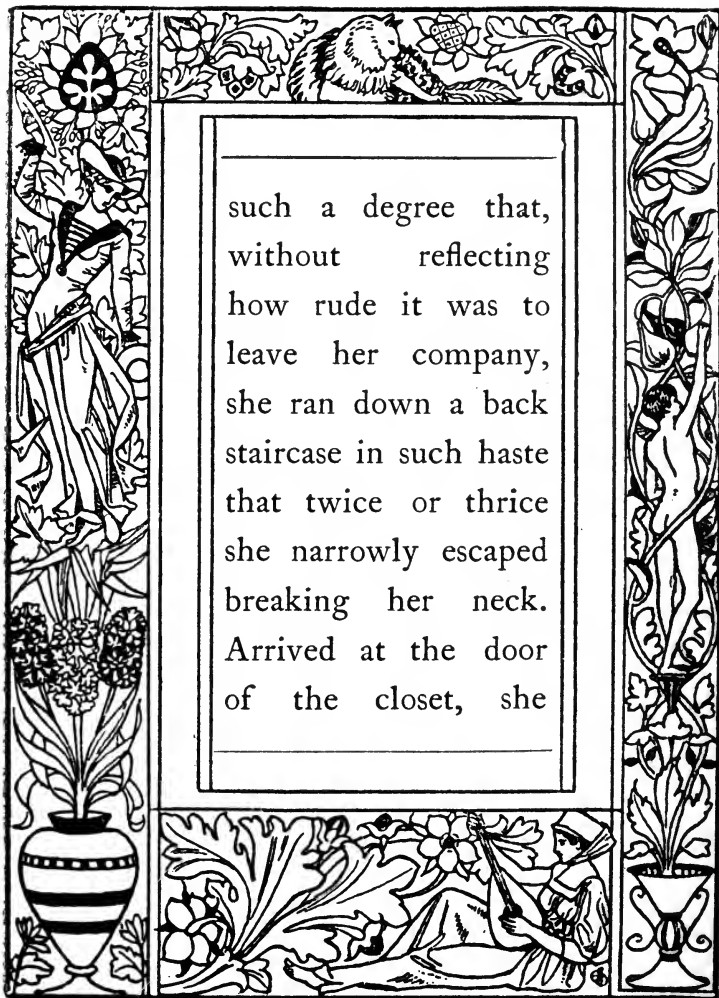


of silver, and some of gilt metal, more beautiful and magnificent than had ever been seen. They never ceased enlarging upon and envying




of the same material were much in vogue at that period. Of silver-framed mirrors some magnificent specimens remain to us at Knowle Park, Kent.






the good fortune of
their friend, who in
the meanwhile was
not in the least enter-
tained by the sight
of all these treasures,
in consequence of her
impatience to open
the closet on the
ground floor. Her
curiosity increased to



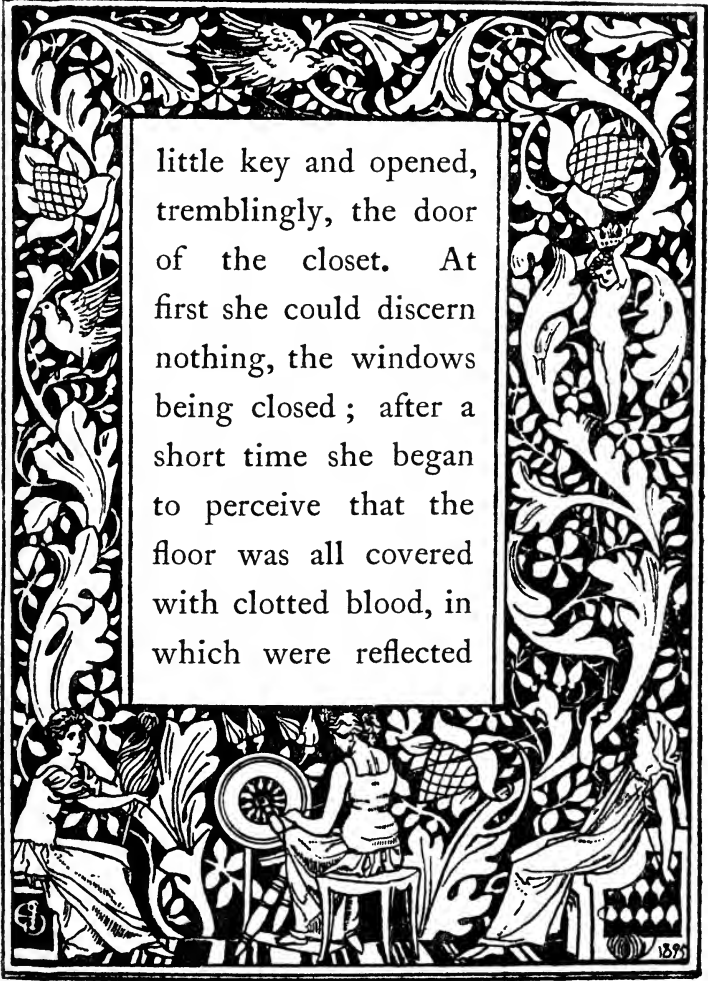
such a degree that,
without reflecting
how rude it was to
leave her company,
she ran down a back
staircase in such haste
that twice or thrice
she narrowly escaped
breaking her neck.
Arrived at the door
of the closet, she



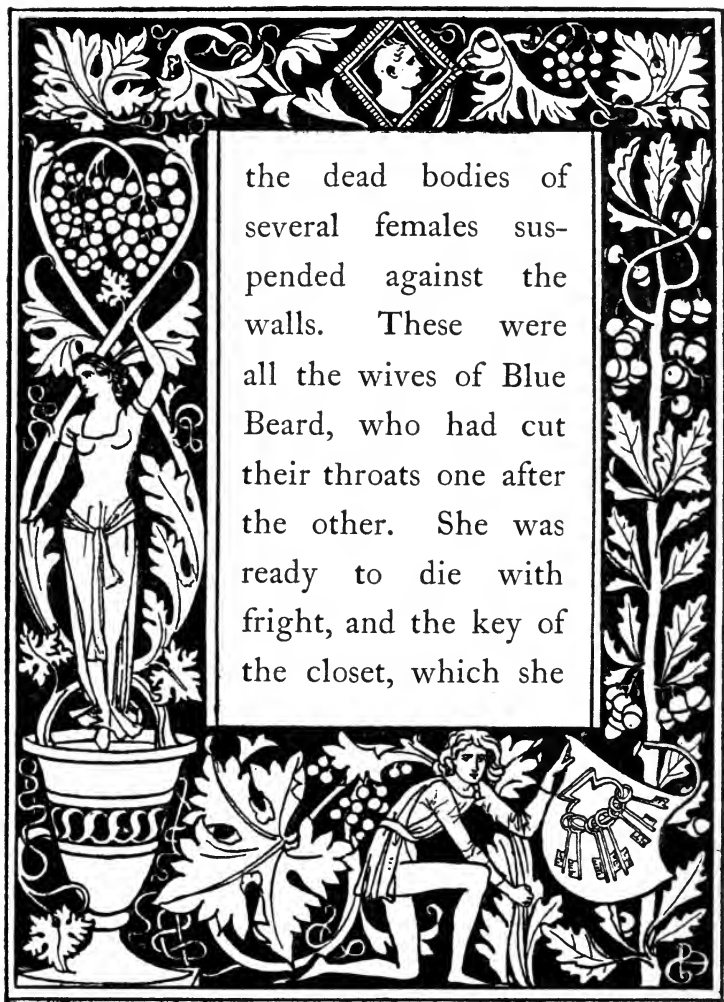
paused for a moment,
bethinking herself of
her husband's prohi-
bition, and that some
misfortune might be-
fall her for her dis-
obedience ; but the
temptation was so
strong that she could
not conquer it. She
therefore took the



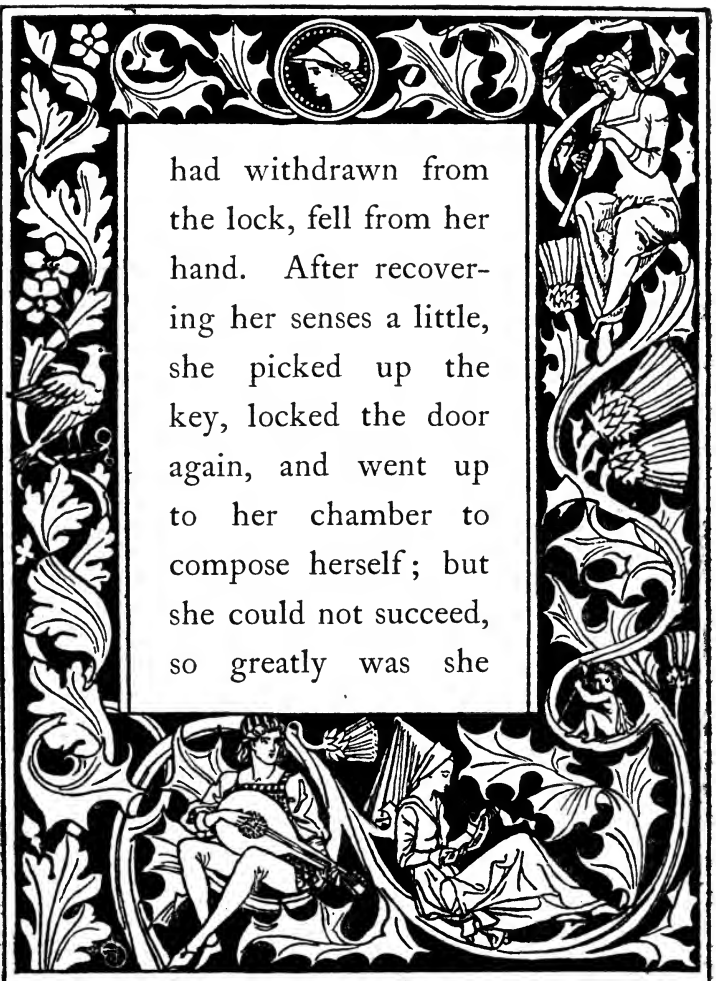




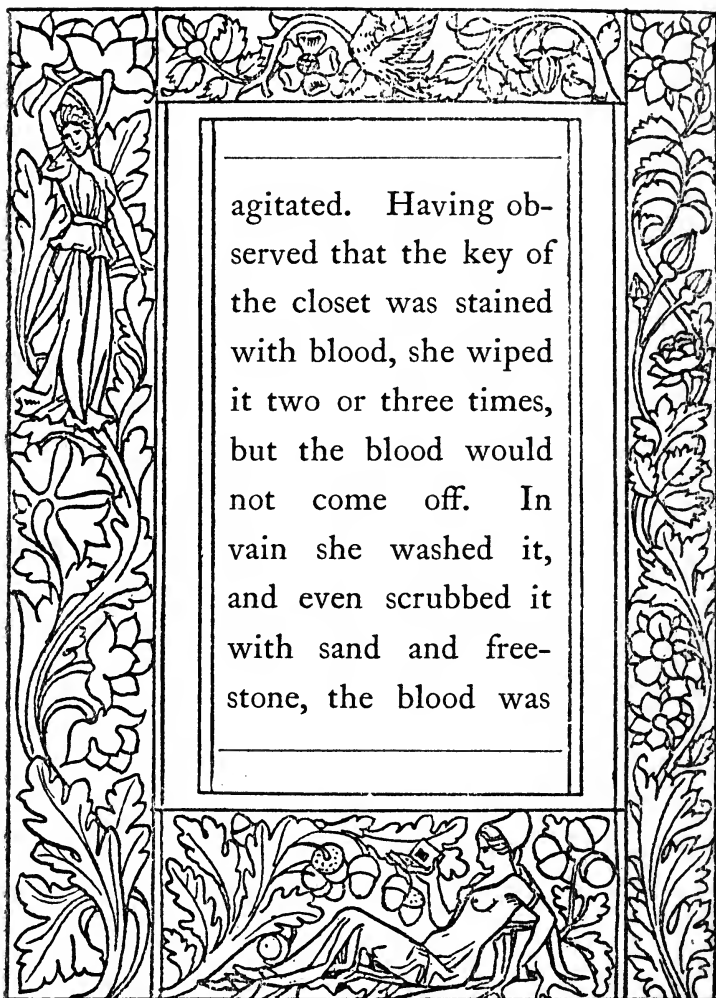
little key and opened, tremblingly, the door of the closet. At first she could discern nothing, the windows being closed ; after a short time she began to perceive that the floor was all covered with clotted blood, in which were reflected



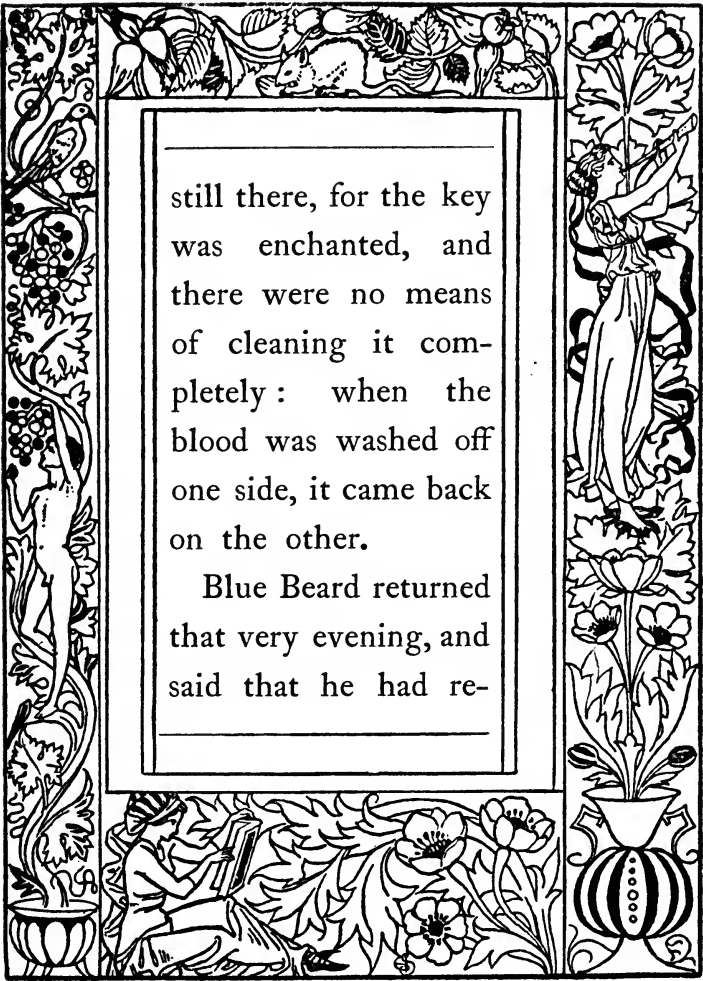
the dead bodies of several females suspended against the walls. These were all the wives of Blue Beard, who had cut their throats one after the other. She was ready to die with fright, and the key of the closet, which she



had withdrawn from
the lock, fell from her
hand. After recover-
ing her senses a little,
she picked up the
key, locked the door
again, and went up
to her chamber to
compose herself; but
she could not succeed,
so greatly was she



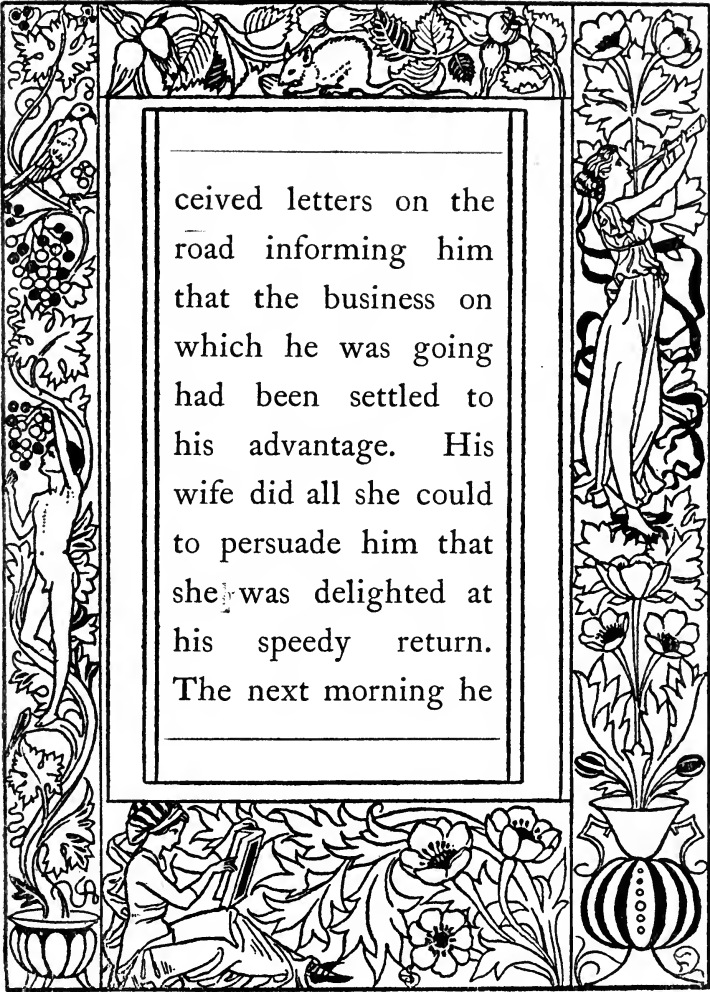
agitated. Having observed that the key of the closet was stained with blood, she wiped it two or three times, but the blood would not come off. In vain she washed it, and even scrubbed it with sand and free-stone, the blood was



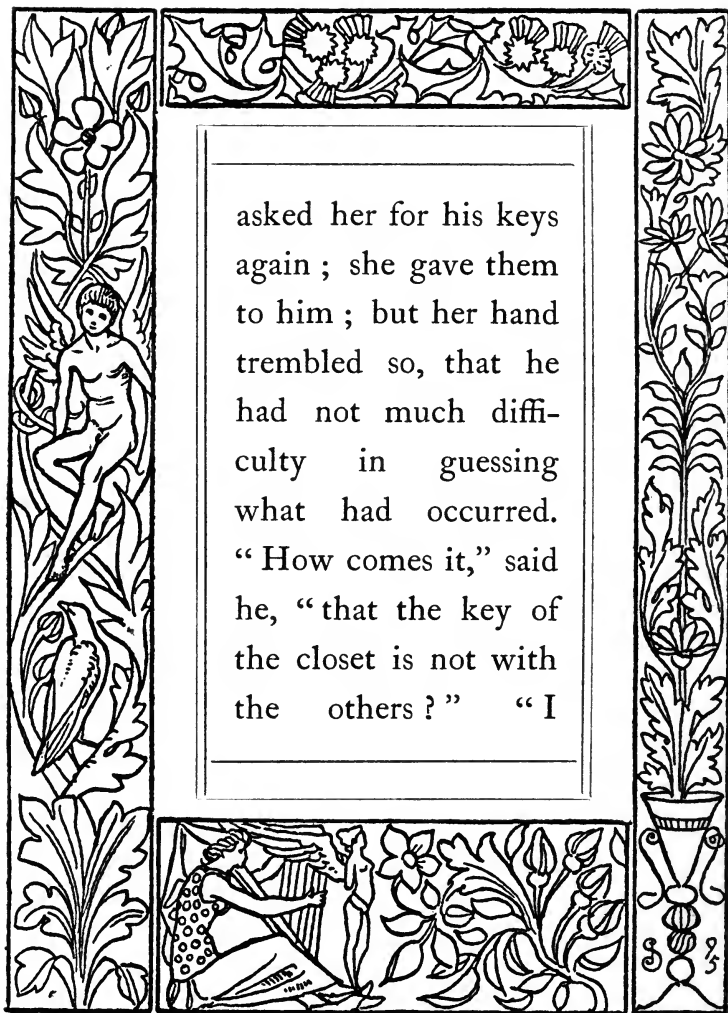
still there, for the key
was enchanted, and
there were no means
of cleaning it com-
pletely : when the
blood was washed off
one side, it came back
on the other.

Blue Beard returned
that very evening, and
said that he had re-








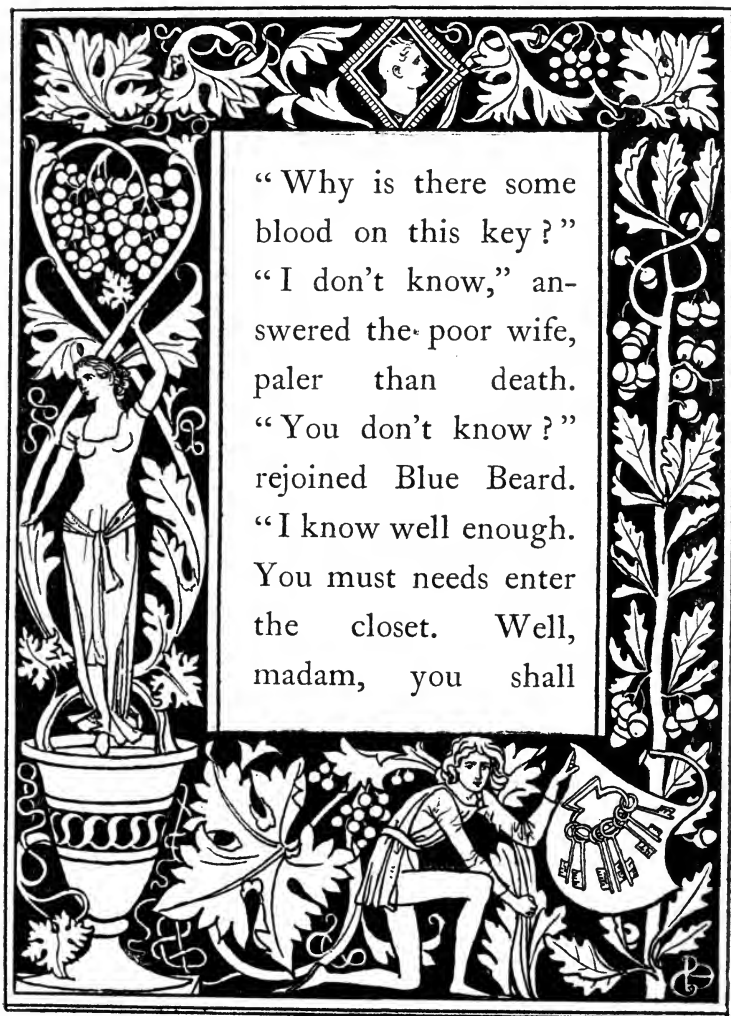
ceived letters on the
road informing him
that the business on
which he was going
had been settled to
his advantage. His
wife did all she could
to persuade him that
she was delighted at
his speedy return.
The next morning he



asked her for his keys again ; she gave them to him ; but her hand trembled so, that he had not much difficulty in guessing what had occurred. “ How comes it,” said he, “ that the key of the closet is not with the others ? ” “ I



must have left it," she replied, "up-stairs on my table." "Fail not," said Blue Beard, "to give it me presently." After several excuses, she was compelled to produce the key. Blue Beard having examined it, said to his wife,



“Why is there some blood on this key?”

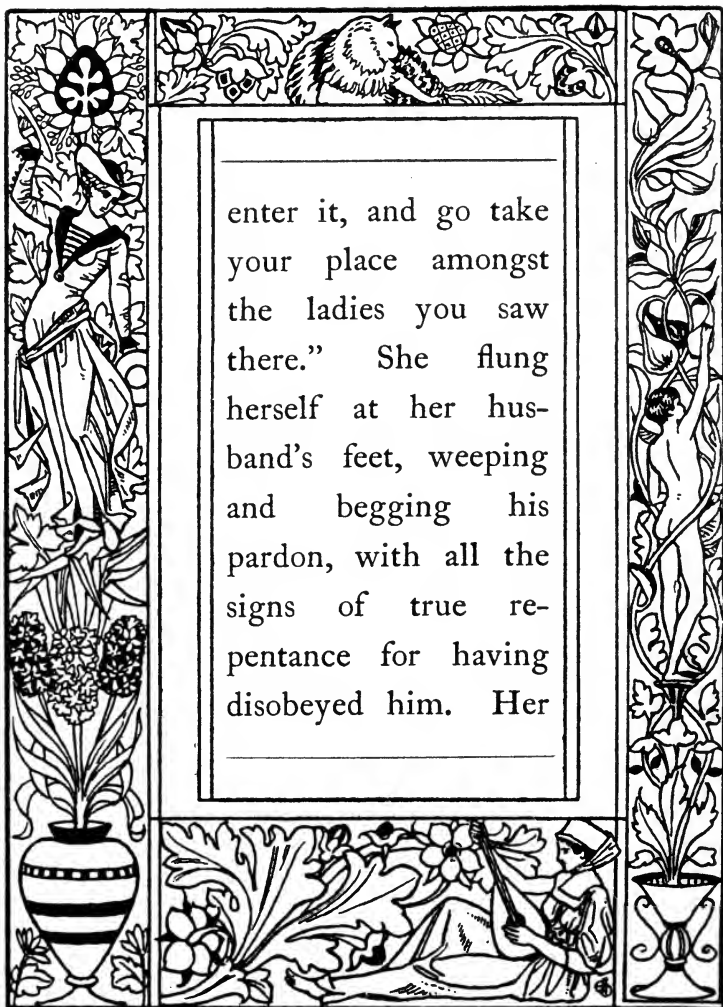
“I don’t know,” answered the poor wife, paler than death.

“You don’t know?” rejoined Blue Beard.

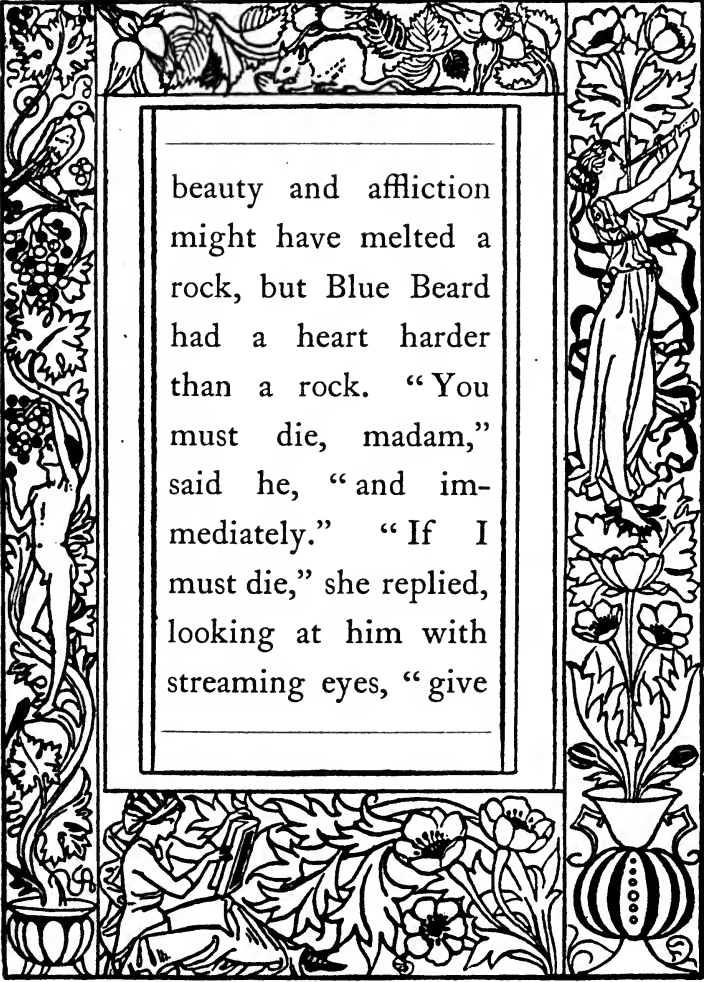
“I know well enough. You must needs enter the closet. Well, madam, you shall



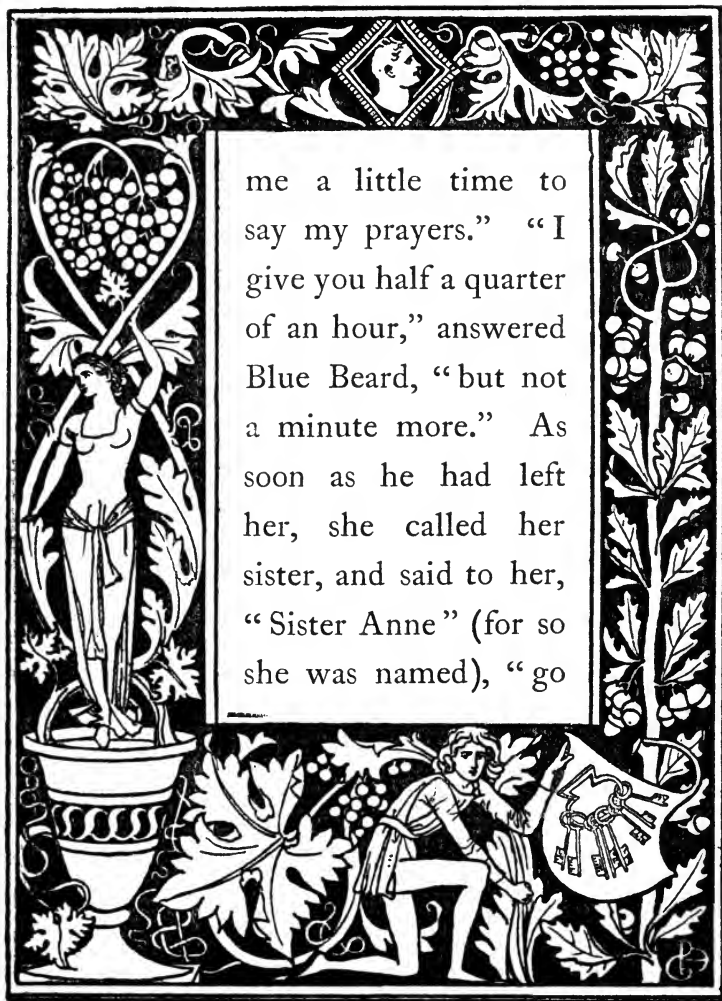
You do not know!
I very well know



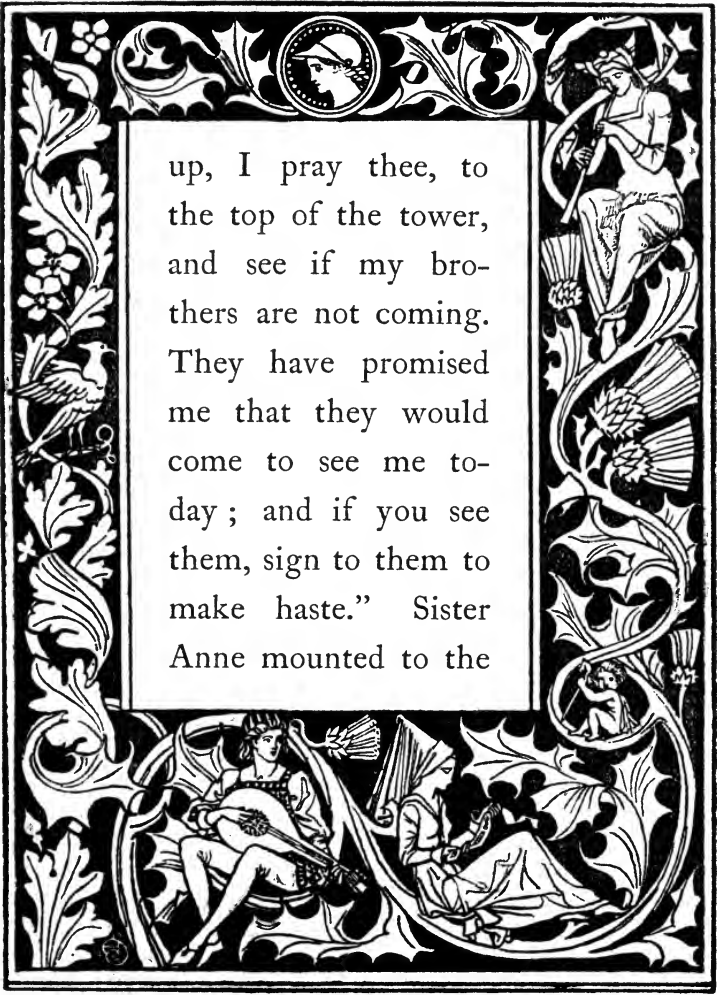
enter it, and go take your place amongst the ladies you saw there." She flung herself at her husband's feet, weeping and begging his pardon, with all the signs of true repentance for having disobeyed him. Her



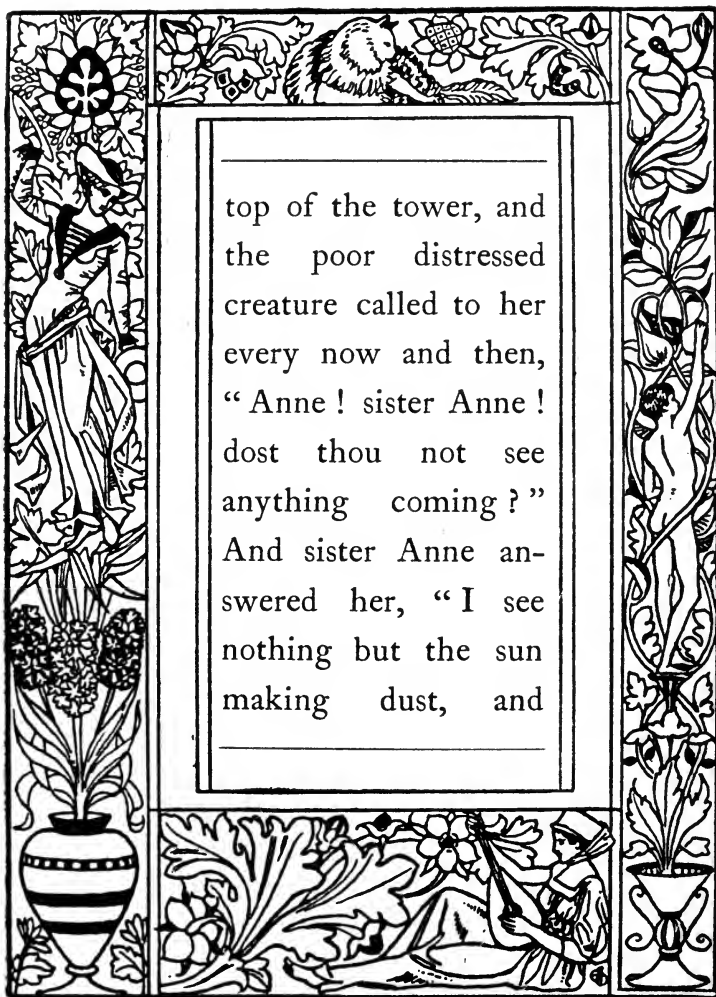
beauty and affliction
might have melted a
rock, but Blue Beard
had a heart harder
than a rock. "You
must die, madam,"
said he, "and im-
mediately." "If I
must die," she replied,
looking at him with
streaming eyes, "give



me a little time to say my prayers." "I give you half a quarter of an hour," answered Blue Beard, "but not a minute more." As soon as he had left her, she called her sister, and said to her, "Sister Anne" (for so she was named), "go

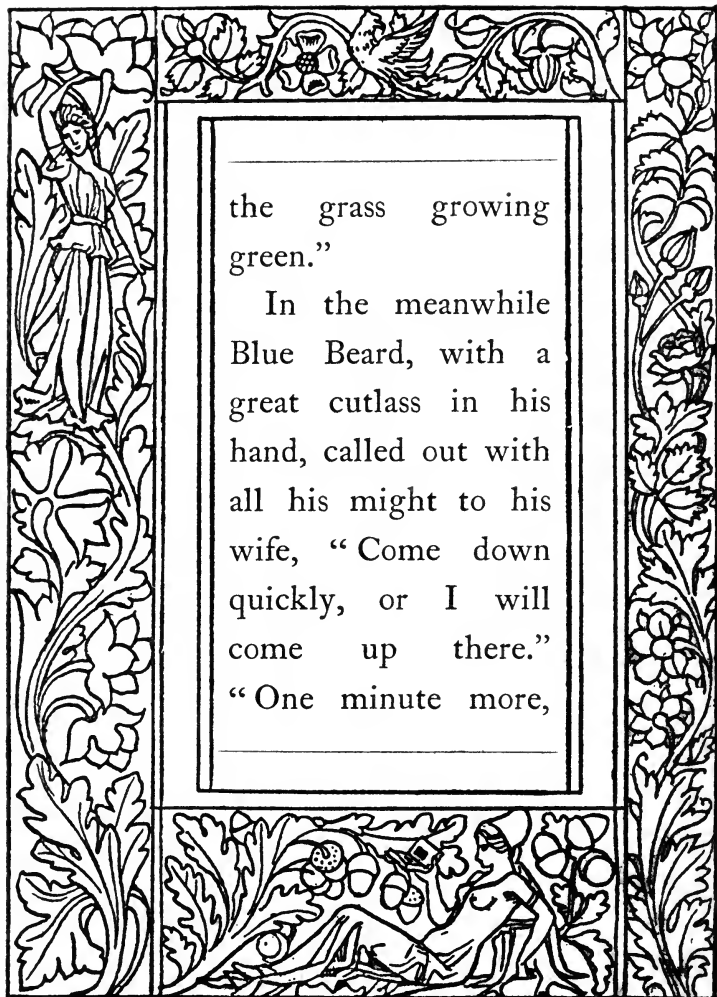


up, I pray thee, to
the top of the tower,
and see if my bro-
thers are not coming.
They have promised
me that they would
come to see me to-
day ; and if you see
them, sign to them to
make haste." Sister
Anne mounted to the



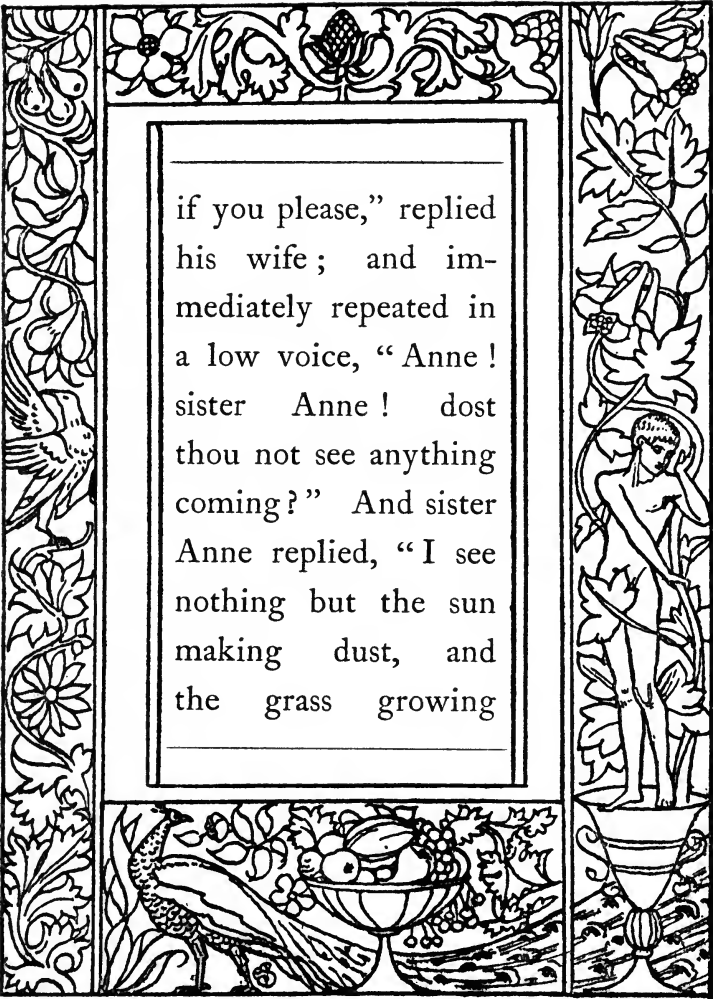
top of the tower, and
the poor distressed
creature called to her
every now and then,
“ Anne ! sister Anne !
dost thou not see
anything coming ? ”
And sister Anne an-
swered her, “ I see
nothing but the sun
making dust, and



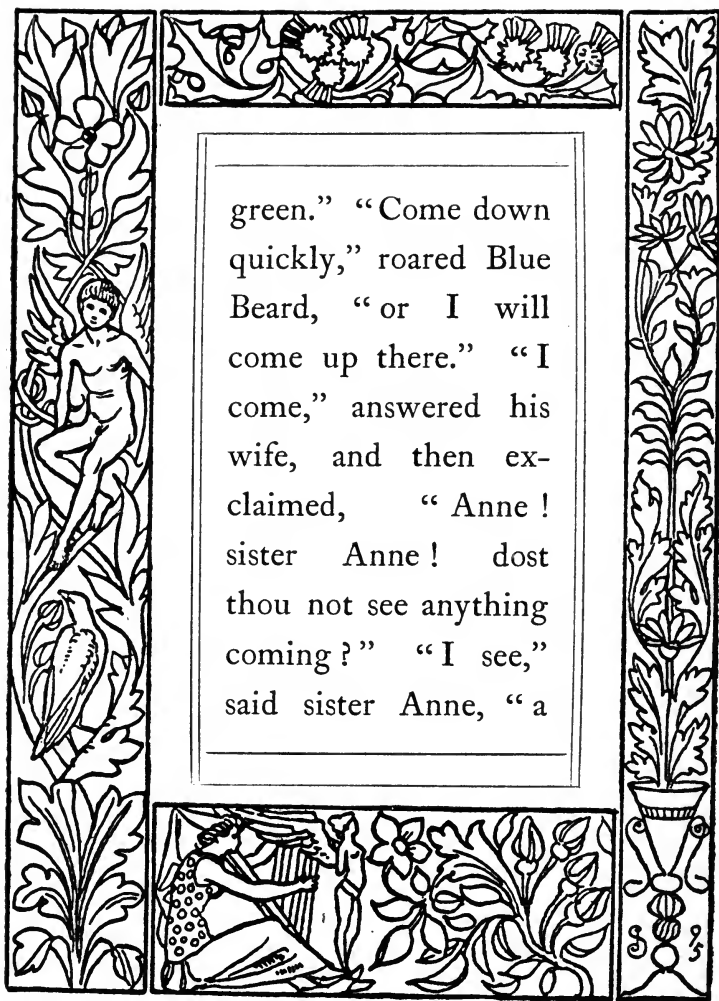


the grass growing
green."

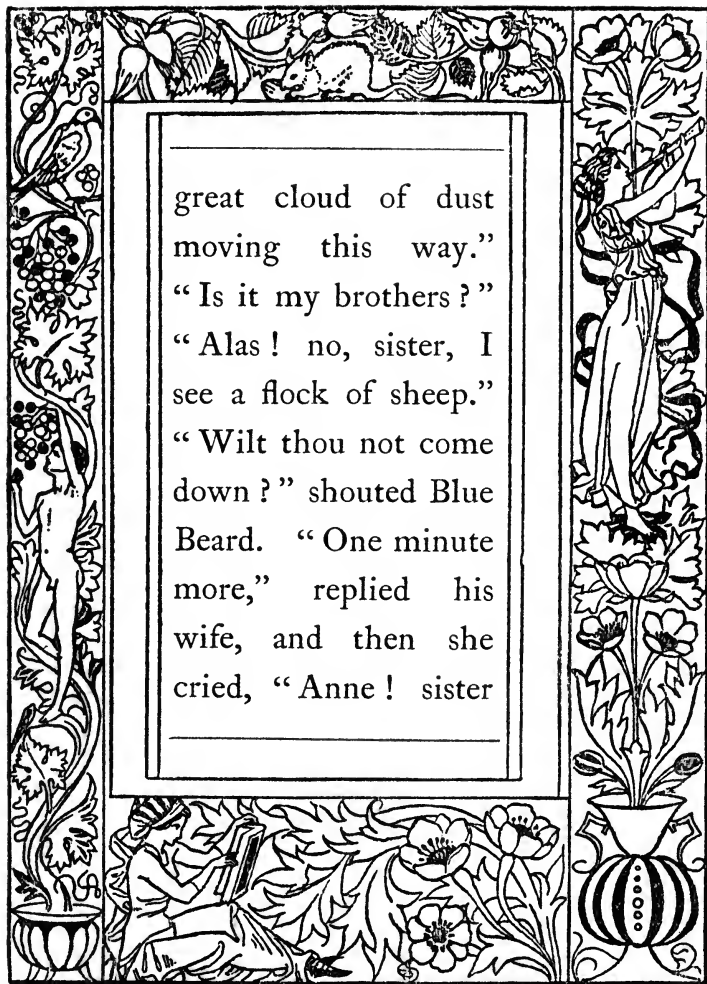
In the meanwhile
Blue Beard, with a
great cutlass in his
hand, called out with
all his might to his
wife, "Come down
quickly, or I will
come up there."
"One minute more,



if you please," replied
his wife ; and im-
mediately repeated in
a low voice, " Anne !
sister Anne ! dost
thou not see anything
coming ? " And sister
Anne replied, " I see
nothing but the sun
making dust, and
the grass growing



green.” “Come down quickly,” roared Blue Beard, “or I will come up there.” “I come,” answered his wife, and then exclaimed, “Anne ! sister Anne ! dost thou not see anything coming ?” “I see,” said sister Anne, “a

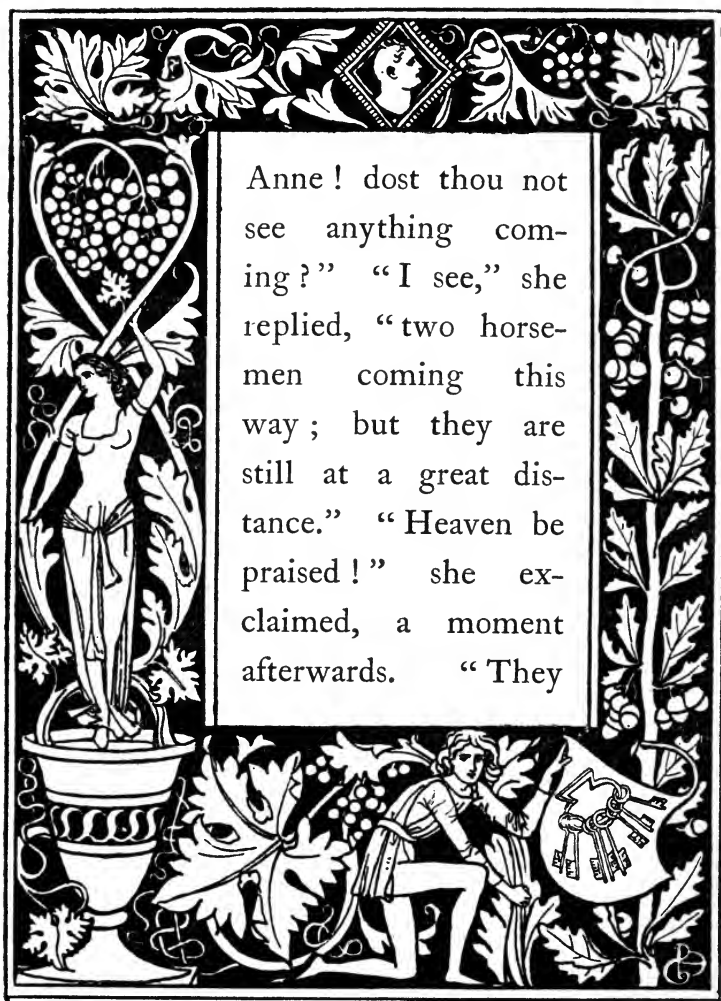


great cloud of dust
moving this way."

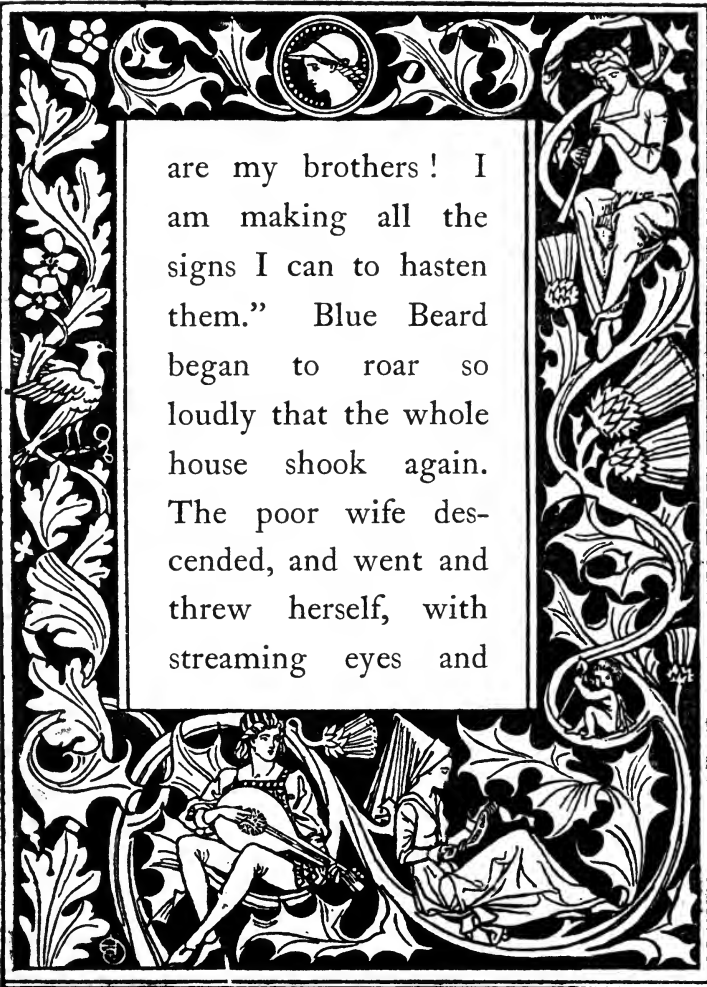
"Is it my brothers?"

"Alas! no, sister, I
see a flock of sheep."

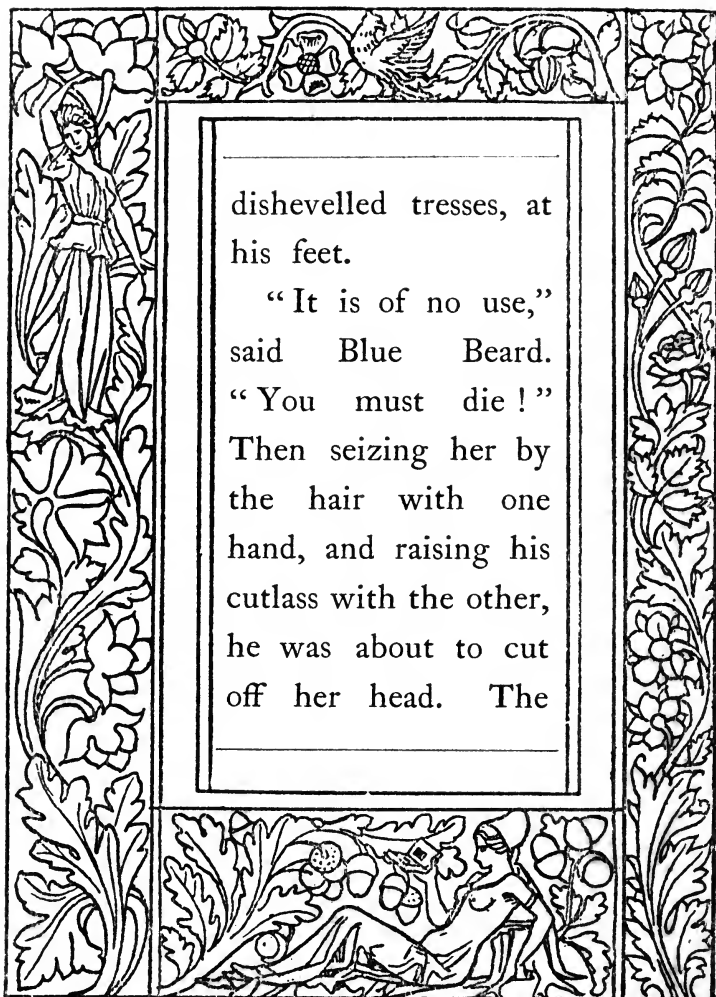
"Wilt thou not come
down?" shouted Blue
Beard. "One minute
more," replied his
wife, and then she
cried, "Anne! sister



Anne ! dost thou not see anything coming ? ” “ I see , ” she replied , “ two horsemen coming this way ; but they are still at a great distance . ” “ Heaven be praised ! ” she exclaimed , a moment afterwards . “ They

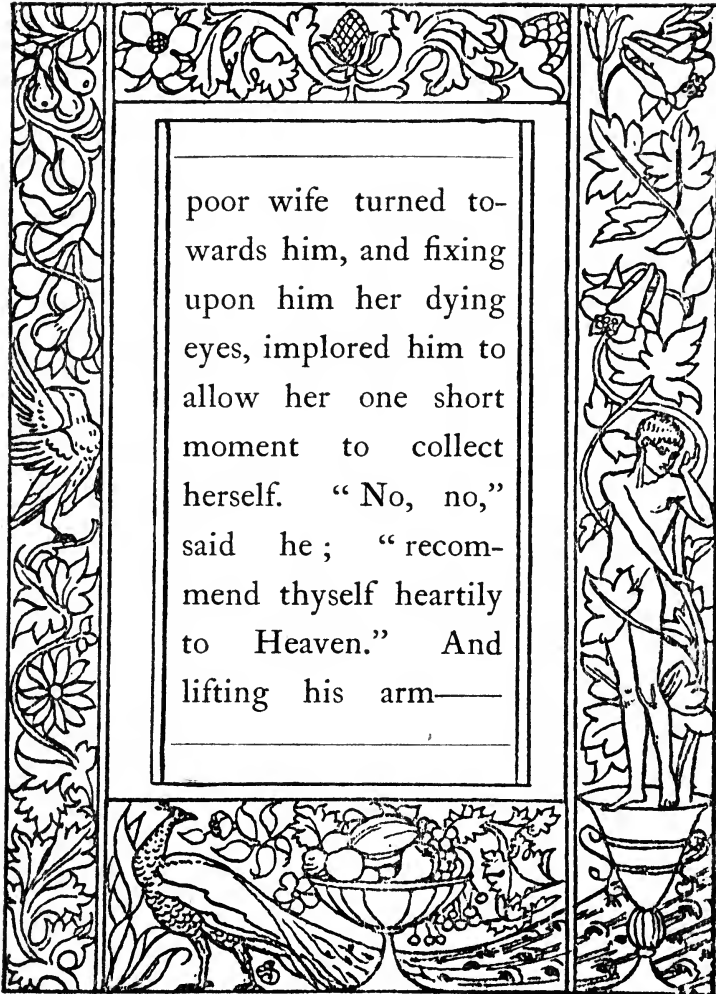
The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. At the top center is a circular medallion containing a profile of a classical head. To the right, a figure sits playing a wind instrument. The bottom features a large scene with two figures, one seated and one standing. The left side is filled with dense floral and leaf patterns, including a small bird. The entire border is rendered in a high-contrast, black-and-white style.

are my brothers ! I
am making all the
signs I can to hasten
them." Blue Beard
began to roar so
loudly that the whole
house shook again.
The poor wife des-
cended, and went and
threw herself, with
streaming eyes and

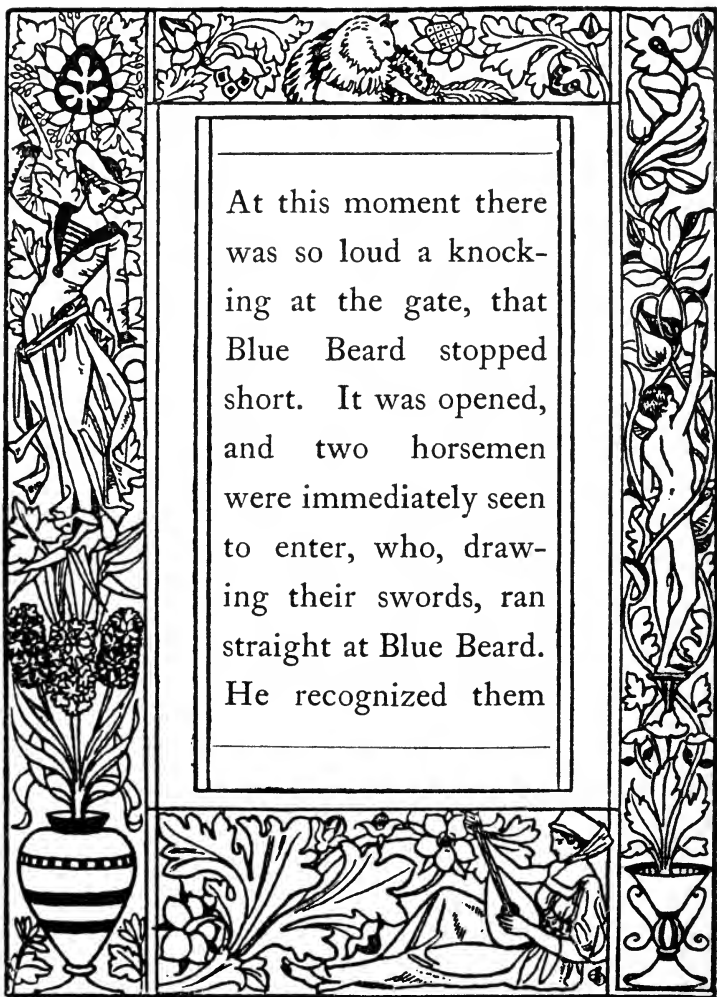


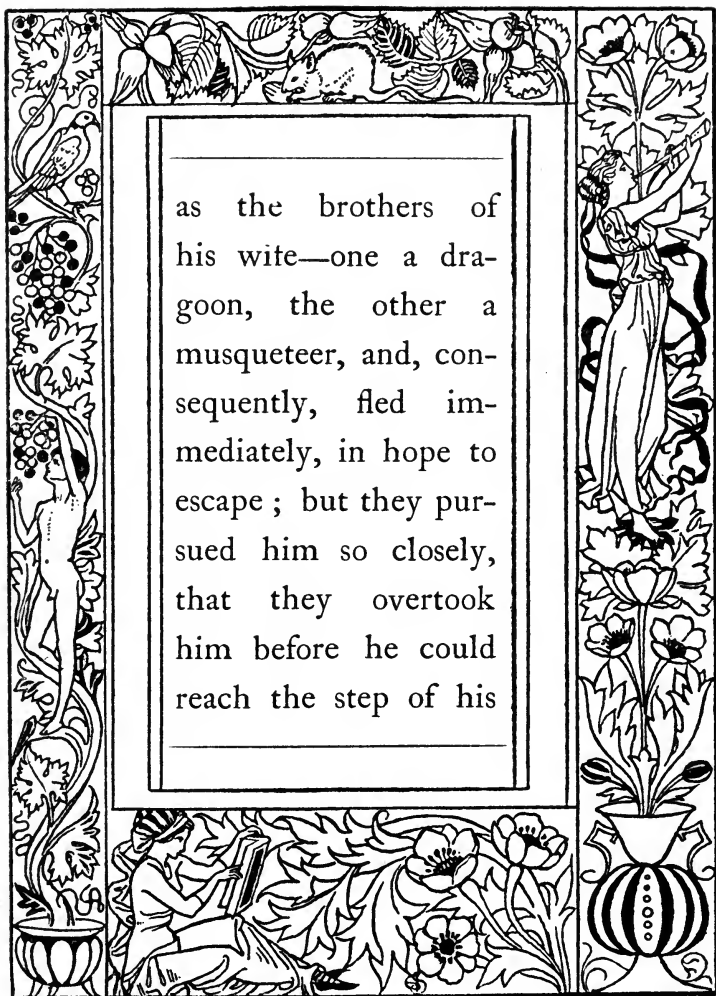
dishevelled tresses, at
his feet.

“It is of no use,”
said Blue Beard.
“You must die !”
Then seizing her by
the hair with one
hand, and raising his
cutlass with the other,
he was about to cut
off her head. The

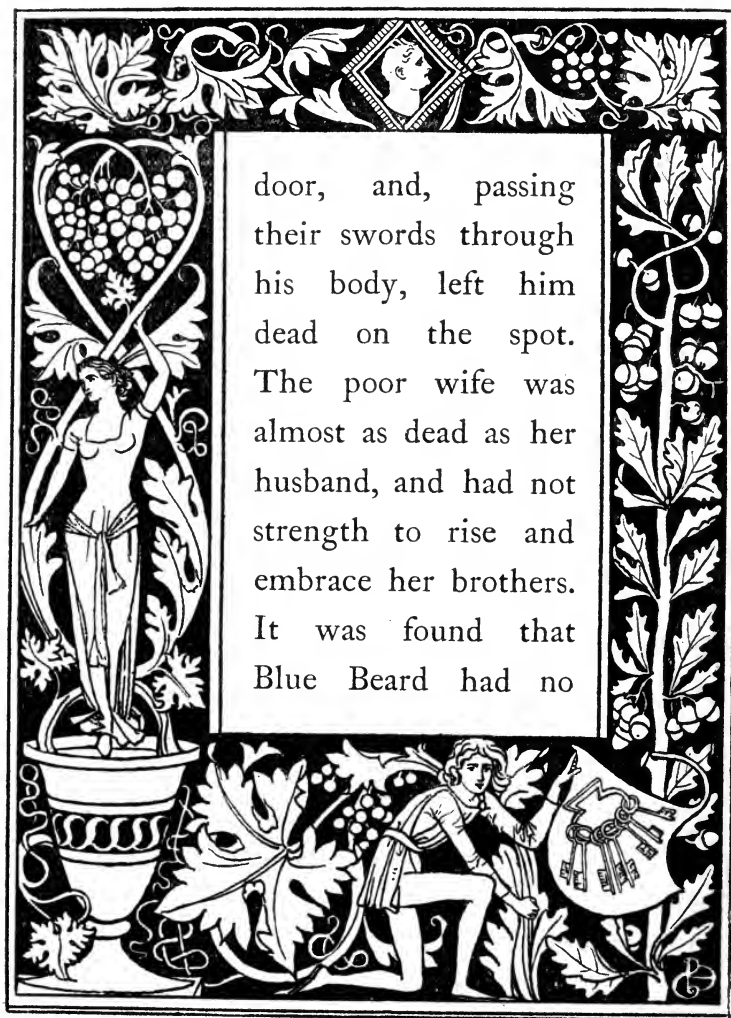
The page is framed by a wide, ornate border. The top and bottom sections of the border are filled with a dense pattern of various fruits, including grapes, pomegranates, and apples, along with stylized leaves and vines. The left and right vertical sections of the border feature a different motif: a bird, possibly a dove, is depicted in flight on the left, and a classical figure, likely a personification of a virtue or a deity, is shown standing and holding a staff or scepter on the right. The central text is enclosed in a simple rectangular frame.

poor wife turned to-
wards him, and fixing
upon him her dying
eyes, implored him to
allow her one short
moment to collect
herself. "No, no,"
said he; "recom-
mend thyself heartily
to Heaven." And
lifting his arm——



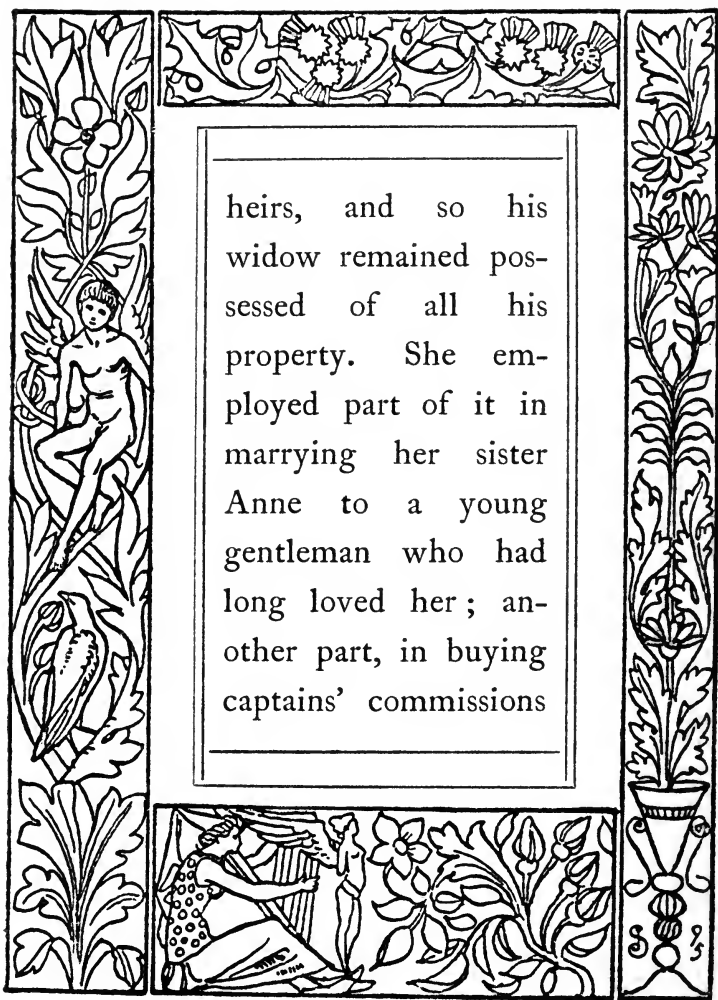


as the brothers of his wife—one a dragoon, the other a musqueteer, and, consequently, fled immediately, in hope to escape ; but they pursued him so closely, that they overtook him before he could reach the step of his





door, and, passing
their swords through
his body, left him
dead on the spot.
The poor wife was
almost as dead as her
husband, and had not
strength to rise and
embrace her brothers.
It was found that
Blue Beard had no





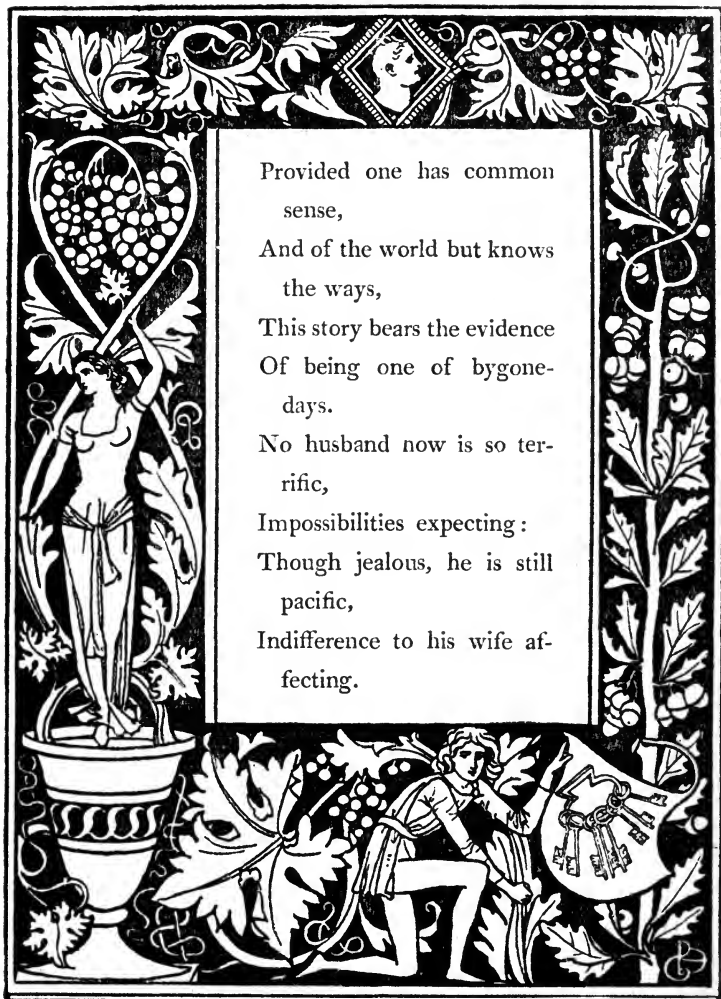


heirs, and so his widow remained possessed of all his property. She employed part of it in marrying her sister Anne to a young gentleman who had long loved her; another part, in buying captains' commissions

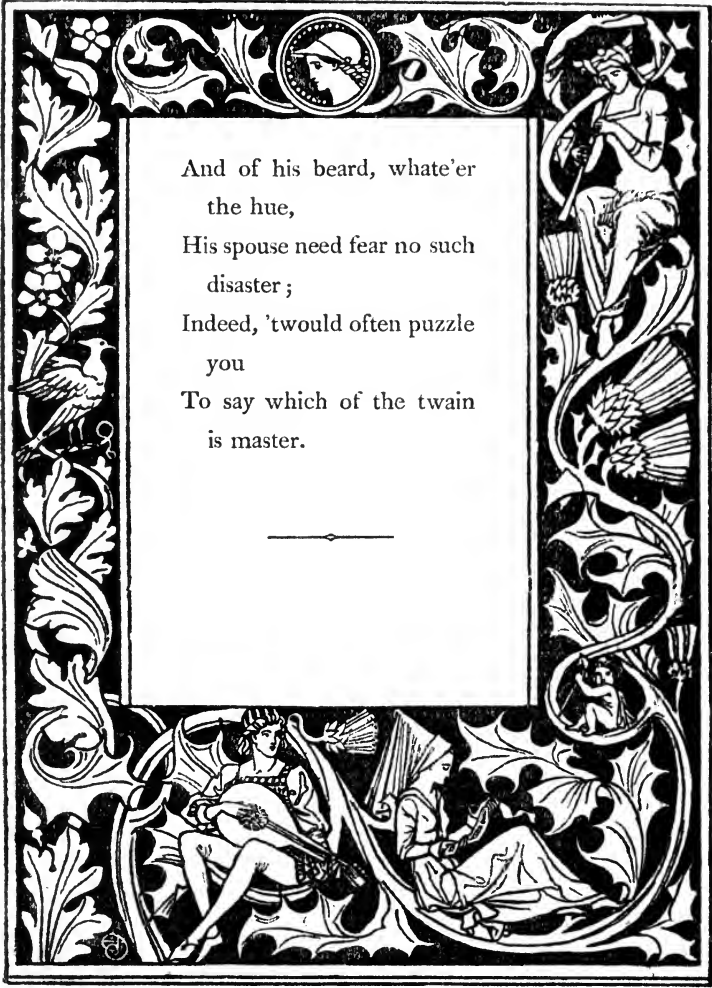


for her two brothers,
and with the rest she
married herself to a
very worthy man,
who made her forget
the miserable time
she had passed with
Blue Beard.





Provided one has common
sense,
And of the world but knows
the ways,
This story bears the evidence
Of being one of bygone-
days.
No husband now is so ter-
rific,
Impossibilities expecting:
Though jealous, he is still
pacific,
Indifference to his wife af-
fecting.



And of his beard, whate'er
the hue,
His spouse need fear no such
disaster ;
Indeed, 'twould often puzzle
you
To say which of the twain
is master.



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Perrault, Charles
The story of Blue Beard

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